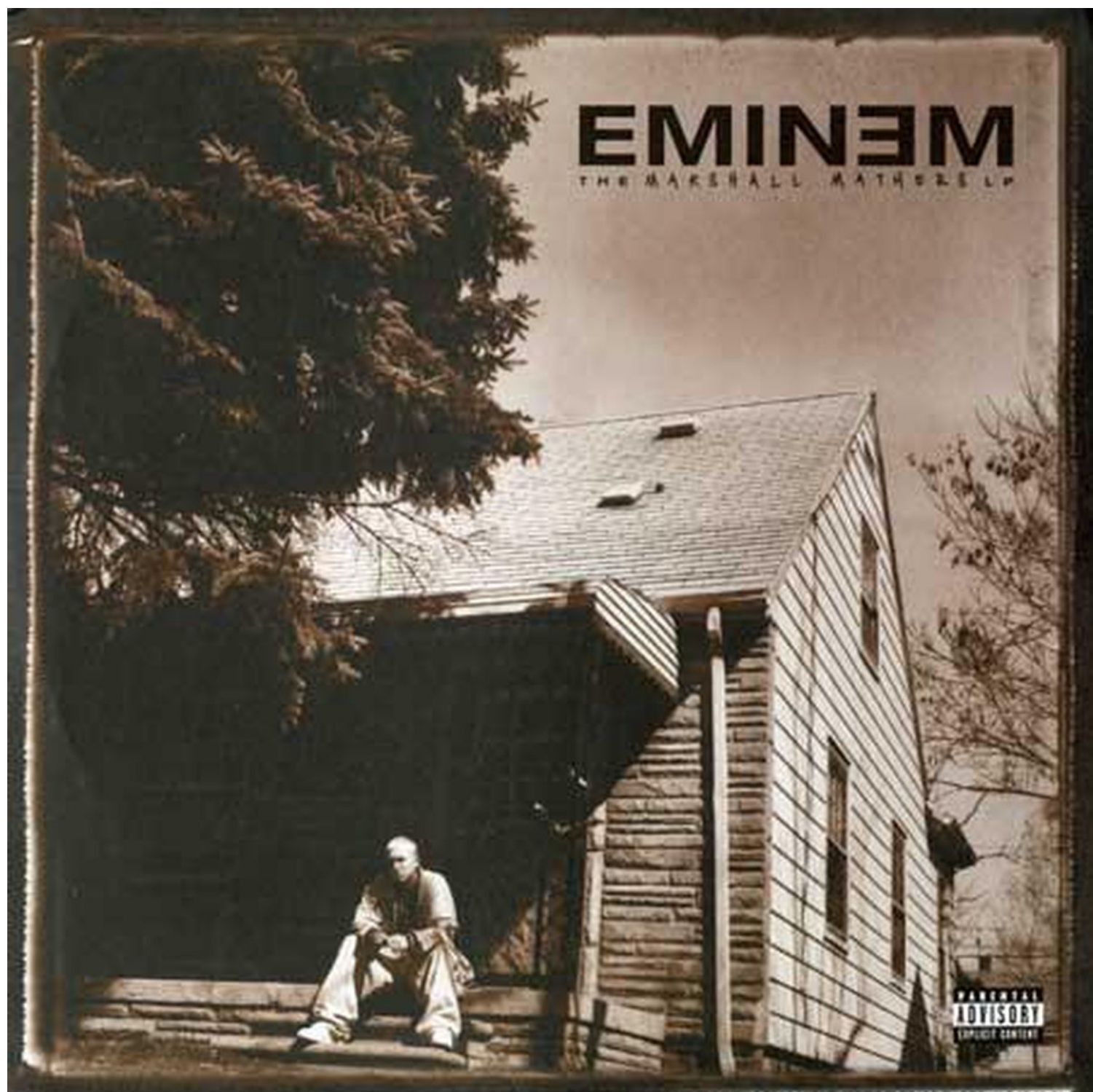


# EMINEM

THE MARSHALL MATHERS LP

PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT



# Eminem - Public Service Announcement 2000 Lyrics

---

This is another public service announcement  
Brought to you, in part, by Slim Shady  
(Tell 'em I don't give a fuck)  
Slim shady does not give a fuck, what you think?  
(Tell 'em to suck it)

If you don't like it, you can suck his fucking cock  
(Tell 'em they kissed my ass)  
Little did you know, upon purchasing this album  
You have just kissed his ass  
(Tell 'em I'm fed up)

Slim Shady is fed up with your shit  
And he's going to kill you  
(Yeah)  
Anything else?  
Yeah, sue me

# Eminem - Kill You Lyrics

---

When I was just a little baby boy  
My Mama used to tell me these crazy things  
She used to tell me my Daddy was an evil man  
She used to tell me he hated me  
But then I got a little bit older  
And I realized, she was the crazy one  
But there was nothin' I could do or say to try to change it  
'Cause that's just the way she was

They said I can't rap about bein' broke no more  
They ain't say I can't rap about coke no more  
Slut, you think I won't choke no whore  
Till the vocal cords don't work in her throat no more?  
These motherfuckers are thinkin', I'm playin'  
Thinkin' I'm sayin' this shit cause I'm thinkin' it just to be sayin' it  
Put your hands down bitch, I ain't gon' shoot you  
I'ma pull you to this bullet and put it through you  
Shut up slut, you're causin' too much chaos  
Just bend over and take it like a slut, okay Ma?

Oh, now he's raping his own mother, abusing a whore  
Snorting coke, and we gave him the Rolling Stone cover?  
You god damn right bitch and now it's too late  
I'm triple platinum and tragedies happened in two states  
I invented violence, you vile venomous volatile bitches  
Vain Vicadin, vrinnn vrinnn vrinnn  
Texas Chainsaw, left his brains all  
Danglin' from his neck, while his head barely hangs on  
Blood, guts, guns, cuts  
Knives, lives, wives, nuns, sluts

Bitch I'ma kill you! You don't wanna fuck with me  
Girls neither, you ain't nuttin' but a slut to me  
Bitch I'ma kill you! You ain't got the balls to beef  
We ain't gon' never stop beefin' I don't squash the beef  
You better kill me! I'ma be another rapper dead  
For poppin' off at the mouth with shit I shouldn'ta said  
But when they kill me I'm bringin' the world with me  
Bitches too! You ain't nuttin' but a girl to me  
I said, "You don't, wanna fuck with Shady  
(Cause why?)  
'Cause Shady, will fuckin' kill you"  
I said, "You don't, wanna fuck with Shady  
(Why?)  
'Cause Shady, will fuckin' kill you"

Bitch I'ma kill you! Like a murder weapon, I'ma conceal you

In a closet with mildew, sheets, pillows and film you  
Fuck with me, I been through hell, shut the hell up  
I'm tryin' to develop these pictures of the Devil to sell 'em  
I ain't 'Acid Rap' but I rap on acid  
Got a new blow up doll and just had a strap on added  
Whoops! Is that a subliminal hint? No!  
Just criminal intent to sodomize women again  
Eminem offend? No! Eminem'll insult  
And if you ever give in to him, you give him an impulse  
To do it again, then, if he does it again

You'll probably end up jumpin' out of somethin' up on the tenth  
Bitch I'ma kill you, I ain't done this ain't the chorus  
I ain't even drug you in the woods yet to paint the forest  
A bloodstain is orange after you wash it three or four times  
In a tub but that's normal' ain't it Norman?  
Serial killer hidin' murder material  
In a cereal box on top of your stereo  
Here we go again, we're out of our medicine  
Out of our minds, and we want in yours, let us in

Or I'ma kill you! You don't wanna fuck with me  
Girls neither, you ain't nuttin' but a slut to me  
Bitch I'ma kill you! You ain't got the balls to beef  
We ain't gon' never stop beefin' I don't squash the beef  
You better kill me! I'ma be another rapper dead  
For poppin' off at the mouth with shit I shouldn'ta said  
But when they kill me I'm bringin' the world with me  
Bitches too! You ain't nuttin' but a girl to me  
I said, "You don't, wanna fuck with Shady  
(Cause why?)  
'Cause Shady, will fuckin' kill you"  
I said, "You don't, wanna fuck with Shady  
(Why?)  
'Cause Shady, will fuckin' kill you"

Know why I say these things?  
'Cause lady's screams keep creepin' in Shady's dreams  
And the way things seem, I shouldn't have to pay these shrinks  
This eighty G's a week to say the same things threec  
Twice? Whatever, I hate these things  
Fuck shots! I hope the weed'll outweigh these drinks  
Motherfuckers want me to come on their radio shows  
Just to argue with 'em cause their ratings stink?  
Fuck that! I'll choke radio announcer to bouncer  
From fat bitch to all seventy-thousand pounds of her  
From principal to the student body and counselor

From in school to before school to out of school  
I don't even believe in breathin', I'm leavin' air in your lungs  
Just to hear you keep screamin' for me to seep it  
Okay, I'm ready to go play, I got machete from O.J.

I'm ready to make everyone's throats ache  
You faggots keep egg'in' me on  
Till I have you at knifepoint, then you beg me to stop?  
Shut up! Give me your hands and feet  
I said, "Shut up", when I'm talkin' to you  
You hear me? Answer me

Or I'ma kill you! You don't wanna fuck with me  
Girls neither, you ain't nuttin' but a slut to me  
Bitch I'ma kill you! You ain't got the balls to beef  
We ain't gon' never stop beefin' I don't squash the beef  
You better kill me! I'ma be another rapper dead  
For poppin' off at the mouth with shit I shouldn'ta said  
But when they kill me, I'm bringin' the world with me  
Bitches too! You ain't nuttin' but a girl to me  
Bitch I'ma kill you!  
I said, "You don't, wanna fuck with Shady  
( 'Cause why?)  
'Cause Shady, will fuckin' kill you"  
I said, "You don't, wanna fuck with Shady  
(Why not?)  
'Cause Shady, will fuckin' kill you"

I'm just playin' ladies  
You know I love you

# Eminem - Stan Lyrics

---

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I?  
Got out of bed at all  
The morning rain clouds up my window  
And I can't see at all  
And even if I could it'd all be gray  
But your picture on my wall  
It reminds me that it's not so bad  
It's not so bad

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I?  
Got out of bed at all  
The morning rain clouds up my window  
And I can't see at all  
And even if I could it'd all be gray  
But your picture on my wall  
It reminds me that it's not so bad  
It's not so bad

Dear Slim, I wrote you but you still ain't callin'  
I left my cell, my pager  
And my home phone at the bottom  
I sent two letters back in autumn  
You must not have got 'em  
It probably was a problem  
At the post office or somethin'

Sometimes I scribble addresses  
Too sloppy when I jot 'em  
But anyways fuck it  
What's been up man, how's your daughter?  
My girlfriend's pregnant too  
I'm out to be a father  
If I have a daughter, guess what I'm a call her?  
I'm a name her Bonnie

I read about your Uncle Ronnie too, I'm sorry  
I had a friend kill himself over some bitch  
Who didn't want him  
I know you probably hear this everyday  
But I'm your biggest fan  
I even got the underground shit that you did with scam

I got a room full of your posters  
And your pictures man  
I like the shit you did with Ruckus too  
That shit was fat  
Anyways I hope you get this, man

Hit me back just to chat  
Truly yours, your biggest fan  
This is Stan

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I?  
Got out of bed at all  
The morning rain clouds up my window  
And I can't see at all  
And even if I could it'd all be gray  
But your picture on my wall  
It reminds me that it's not so bad  
It's not so bad

Dear Slim, you still ain't called or wrote  
I hope you have the chance, I ain't mad  
I just think it's fucked up, you don't answer fans  
If you didn't want to talk to me  
Outside the concert you didn't have to  
But you could've signed an autograph for Matthew  
That's my little brother man

He's only 6 years old  
We waited in the blistering cold for you  
For 4 hours and you just said "No"  
That's pretty shitty man  
You're like his fuckin' idol  
He wants to be just like you man  
He likes you more than I do

I ain't that mad though I just don't like bein' lied to  
Remember when we met in Denver  
You said if I write to you, you would write back  
See I'm just like you in a way  
I never knew my father neither  
He used to always cheat on my mom and beat her

I can relate to what you're sayin' in your songs  
So when I have a shitty day  
I drift away and put 'em on  
Cause I don't really got shit else  
So that shit helps when I'm depressed  
I even got a tattoo  
With your name across the chest

Sometimes I even cut myself  
To see how much it bleeds?  
It's like Adrenaline  
The pain is such a sudden rush for me  
See everything you say is real  
And I respect you 'cause you tell it  
My girlfriend's jealous  
'Cause I talk about you 24/7

But she don't know you like  
I know you Slim, no one does  
She don't know what it was like?  
For people like us growing up  
You've gotta call me man  
I'll be the biggest fan you'll ever lose  
Sincerely yours, Stan  
P.S. We should be together too

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I?  
Got out of bed at all  
The morning rain clouds up my window  
And I can't see at all  
And even if I could it'd all be gray  
But your picture on my wall  
It reminds me that it's not so bad  
It's not so bad

Dear Mister, I'm too good to call or write my fans  
This'll be the last package I ever send your ass  
It's been six months and still no word  
I don't deserve it?  
I know you got my last two letters  
I wrote the addresses on 'em perfect

So this is my cassette I'm sending you  
I hope you hear it  
I'm in the car right now  
I'm doing 90 on the freeway  
Hey Slim, I drink a fifth of vodka  
Ya dare me to drive?

You know this song by Phil Collins  
'From the air in the night'  
About that guy who could have saved  
That other guy from drowning?  
But didn't, then Phil saw it all  
Then at his show he found him

That's kinda how this is  
You could have rescued me from drowning  
Now it's too late  
I'm on a thousand downers, now I'm drowsy

And all I wanted was a lousy letter or a call  
I hope you know  
I ripped all your pictures off the wall  
I loved you Slim, we could have been together  
Think about it, you ruined it now

I hope you can't sleep and you dream about it

And when you dream, I hope you can't sleep  
And you scream about it  
I hope your conscious eats at you  
And you can't breathe without me

See Slim, "Shut up bitch!  
I'm trying to talk"  
Hey Slim, that's my girlfriend screaming in the trunk  
But I didn't slit her throat I just tied her up  
See I ain't like you  
'Cause if she suffocates she'll suffer more  
And then she'll die too

Well gotta go  
I'm almost at the bridge now  
Oh shit! I forgot!  
How am I supposed to send this shit out?

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I?  
Got out of bed at all  
The morning rain clouds up my window  
And I can't see at all  
And even if I could it'd all be gray  
But your picture on my wall  
It reminds me that it's not so bad  
It's not so bad

Dear Stan, I meant to write you sooner  
But I've just been busy  
You said your girlfriend's pregnant now  
How far along is she?  
Look I'm really flattered  
You would call your daughter that  
And here's an autograph for your brother  
I wrote it on your starter cap

I'm sorry I didn't see you at the show  
I must have missed you  
Don't think I did that shit intentionally  
Just to diss you  
And what's this shit you said about  
You like to cut your wrist too?  
I say that shit just clownin' dawg  
C'mon, how fucked up is you?

You got some issues Stan  
I think you need some counselin"  
To help your ass from bouncin' off the walls  
When you get down some  
And what's this shit about us  
Meant to be together?  
That type of shit'll make me not want us

To meet each other

I really think you and your girlfriend  
Need each other  
Or maybe you just need to treat her better  
I hope you get to read this letter  
I just hope it reaches you in time  
Before you hurt yourself  
I think that you'll be doin' just fine  
If you'd relax a little

I'm glad I inspire you  
But Stan, why are you so mad?  
Try to understand  
That I do want you as a fan  
I just don't want you to do some crazy shit  
I seen this one shit on the news  
A couple weeks ago that made me sick

Some dude was drunk and drove his car over a bridge  
And had his girlfriend in the trunk  
And she was pregnant with his kid  
And in the car they found a tape  
But it didn't say who it was to?  
Come to think about it  
His name was, it was you! Damn!

# Eminem - Paul (Skit) Lyrics

---

Em, what's goin' on?  
This is Paul Rosenberg here, faithful attorney o' law  
Listen, I er, listened to the rough copy of your album

And uh, you know I just gotta be honest with you  
Could you turn it down a little bit?  
Because there's only so much I can explain, give me a call

# Eminem - Who Knew Lyrics

---

(I never knew I)  
(I never knew I)  
Mic check, one two  
(I never knew I)  
Who woulda knew?  
(I never knew I)  
Who'da known?  
(I never knew I)

Fuck, what a story  
(I never knew I)  
Motherfucker comes out  
(I never knew I)  
And sells a couple of million records  
(I never knew I)  
And these motherfuckers hit the ceiling  
(I never knew I)

I don't do black music, I don't do white music  
I make fight music, for high school kids  
I put lives at risk, when I drive like this  
I put wives at risk with a knife like this  
Shit, you probably think I'm in your tape deck now  
I'm in the back seat of your truck, with duct tape stretched out  
Ducked the fuck way down, waitin' to straight jump out  
Put it over your mouth, and grab you by the face, what now?  
Oh, you want me to watch my mouth, how?  
Take my fuckin' eyeballs out, and turn 'em around

Look, I'll burn your fuckin' house down, circle around  
And hit the hydrant, so you can't put your burnin' furniture out  
I'm sorry, there must be a mix up  
You want me to fix up lyrics while the President gets his dick sucked?  
Fuck that, take drugs, rape sluts  
Make fun of gay clubs, men who wear make up  
Get aware, wake up, get a sense of humor  
Quit tryin' to censor music, this is for your kid's amusement  
But don't blame me, when lil' Eric jumps off of the terrace  
You shoulda been watchin' him, apparently you ain't parents

'Cause I never knew I, knew I would get this big  
I never knew I, knew I'd effect this kid  
I never knew I'd, get him to slit his wrist  
I never knew I'd, get him to hit this bitch  
I never knew I, knew I would get this big  
I never knew I, knew I'd effect this kid  
I never knew I'd, get him to slit his wrist

I never knew I'd, get him to hit this bitch

So who's bringin' the guns in this country?  
I couldn't sneak a plastic pellet gun through customs over in London  
And last week, I seen a Schwarzenegger movie  
Where he's shootin' all sorts of these motherfuckers with a Uzi  
I sees three little kids, up in the front row  
Screamin, "Go", with their seventeen year old uncle  
I'm like, "Guidance, ain't they got the same moms and dads  
Who got mad when I asked, if they liked violence?"

And told me that my tape taught 'em to swear  
What about the make up you allow, your twelve year old daughter to wear?  
So tell me, that your son doesn't know any cuss words  
When his bus driver's screamin' at him, fuckin' him up worse  
And 'Fuck' was the first word I ever learned  
Up in the third grade, flippin' the gym teacher the bird

So read up, about how I used to get beat up  
Peed on, be on free lunch, and change school every three months  
My life's like kinda what my wife's like  
Fucked up after I beat her fuckin' ass every night  
So how much easier would life be  
If nineteen million motherfuckers grew to be just like me?

'Cause I never knew I, knew I would get this big  
I never knew I, knew I'd effect this kid  
I never knew I'd, get him to slit his wrist  
I never knew I'd, get him to hit this bitch  
I never knew I, knew I would get this big  
I never knew I, knew I'd effect this kid  
I never knew I'd, get him to slit his wrist  
I never knew I'd, get him to hit this bitch, I never knew I'd

Have a new house or a new car  
A couple years ago I was more poorer than you are  
I don't got that bad of a mouth, do I?  
Fuck shit ass bitch cunt, shooby de doo wop  
Skibbedy be bop, a Christopher Reeves  
Sonny Bono, skis horses and hittin' some trees  
How many retards'll listen to me?  
And run up in the school shootin'  
When they're pissed at a teach

Her, him, is it you, is it them?  
Wasn't me, Slim Shady said to do it again!  
Damn! How much damage can you do with a pen?  
Man I'm just as fucked up as you woulda been  
If you woulda been, in my shoes, who woulda thought?  
Slim Shady would be somethin' that you woulda bought  
That woulda made you get a gun and shoot at a cop  
I just said it, I ain't know if you'd do it or not

'Cause I never knew I, knew I would get this big  
I never knew I, knew I'd effect this kid  
I never knew I'd, get him to slit his wrist  
I never knew I'd, get him to hit this bitch  
I never knew I, knew I would get this big  
I never knew I, knew I'd effect this kid  
I never knew I'd, get him to slit his wrist  
I never knew I'd, get him to hit this bitch

How the fuck was I supposed to know?

# Eminem - Steve Berman Lyrics

---

Am what's up?  
Steve Berman, what's goin' on man?  
How you doin'? Good to see you again  
What's up?

Am could you come in here and have a seat please?  
Hmm, yeah, what's up?  
Venessa shut the door  
Okay

So, what's up? How it's odd lookin'  
For the first week  
It would be better if you gave me nothin' at all  
This album is less than nothin'

I can't sell this fuckin' record  
What?  
Do you know what's happenin' to me out there?  
What's the problem?

Violet Crayon told me to go fuck myself  
Who's Violet?  
Taylor records told me to shove this record up my ass  
Do you know, what it feels like to be told  
Have a record shoved up your ass?

I'm gonna lose my fuckin' job over this  
Do you know why Dre's record was so successful?  
He's rappin' about big screen TV's, blondes, forty's and bitches  
You're rappin' about homosexuals and Vicada

I can't sell this shit  
Either change the record or it's not comin' out  
Now get the fuck out of my office  
What I'm I supposed to?

Now  
Alright man

# Eminem - The Way I Am Lyrics

---

Whatever, Dre, just let it run  
Aiiyo, turn the beat up a little bit  
Aiiyo, this song is for anyone, fuck it  
Just shut up and listen, aiiyo

I sit back with this pack of Zig Zags and this bag  
Of this weed it gives me the shit needed to be  
The most meanest MC on this, on this Earth  
And since birth I've been cursed with this curse to just curse

And just blurt this berserk and bizarre shit that works  
And it sells and it helps in itself to relieve  
All this tension dispensin' these sentences  
Gettin' this stress that's been eatin' me recently off of this chest

And I rest again peacefully  
(Peacefully)  
But at least have the decency in you  
To leave me alone when you freaks see me out  
In the streets when I'm eatin' or feedin' my daughter  
To not come and speak to me  
(Speak to me)

I don't know you and no  
I don't owe you a motherfuckin' thing  
I'm not Mr. N'Sync, I'm not what your friends think  
I'm not Mr. Friendly, I can be a prick  
If you tempt me, my tank is on empty  
(Is on empty)

No patience is in me and if you offend me  
I'm liftin' you 10 feet in the air  
(Liftin' you 10 feet)  
I don't care who is there and who saw me destroy you

Go, call you a lawyer, file you a lawsuit  
I'll smile in the courtroom and buy you a wardrobe  
I'm tired of all you  
(Of all you)  
I don't mean to be mean  
But that's all I can be is just me

And I am, whatever you say I am  
If I wasn't then why would I say I am?  
In the paper, the news everyday I am  
Radio won't even play my jam

'Cause I am, whatever you say I am  
If I wasn't, then why would I say I am?  
In the paper, the news everyday I am  
I don't know it's just the way I am

Sometimes I just feel like my father, I hate to be bothered  
With all of this nonsense, it's constant  
And, "Oh, it's his lyrical content, the song  
'Guilty Conscience' has gotten such rotten responses"

And all of this controversy circles me  
And it seems like the media immediately  
Points a finger at me  
(Finger at me)  
So I point one back at 'em but not the index or pinkie  
Or the ring or the thumb, it's the one you put up

When you don't give a fuck, when you won't just put up  
With the bullshit they pull 'cause they full of shit too  
When a dude's gettin' bullied and shoots up his school  
And they blame it on Marilyn and the heroin  
(On Marilyn)

Where were the parents at? And look where it's at  
Middle America, now, it's a tragedy  
Now, it's so sad to see, an upper class city  
Havin' this happenin'  
(This happenin')

Then attack Eminem 'cause I rap this way  
(Rap this way)  
But I'm glad 'cause they feed me the fuel that I need for the fire  
To burn and it's burnin' and I have returned

And I am, whatever you say I am  
If I wasn't then why would I say I am?  
In the paper, the news everyday I am  
Radio won't even play my jam

'Cause I am, whatever you say I am  
If I wasn't, then why would I say I am?  
In the paper, the news everyday I am  
I don't know it's just the way I am

I'm so sick and tired of bein' admired  
That I wish that I would just die or get fired  
And dropped from my label and stop with the fables  
I'm not gonna be able to top on "My Name is"

And pigeon holed into some poppy sensation  
To cop me rotation at rock 'n' roll stations  
And I just do not got the patience

(Got the patience)  
To deal with these cocky Caucasians who think  
I'm some wigger who just tries to be black 'cause I talk

With an accent and grab on my balls so they always keep askin'  
The same fuckin' questions  
(Fuckin' questions)  
What school did I go to, what hood I grew up in?

The why, the who what when, the where and the how  
'Til I'm grabbin' my hair and I'm tearin' it out  
'Cause they drivin' me crazy, I can't take it  
(Drivin' me crazy)  
I'm racin', I'm pacin', I stand and I sit

And I'm thankful for every fan that I get  
But I can't take a shit in the bathroom  
Without someone standin' by it  
No, I won't sign your autograph  
You can call me an asshole I'm glad

'Cause I am, whatever you say I am  
If I wasn't then why would I say I am?  
In the paper, the news everyday I am  
Radio won't even play my jam

'Cause I am, whatever you say I am  
If I wasn't, then why would I say I am?  
In the paper, the news everyday I am  
I don't know it's just the way I am

# Eminem - The Real Slim Shady Lyrics

---

May I have your attention please?  
May I have your attention please?  
Will, The Real Slim Shady please stand up?  
I repeat will, The Real Slim Shady please stand up?  
We're gonna have a problem here

Y'all act like you never seen a white person before  
Jaws all on the floor like Pam, like Tommy just burst in the door  
And started whoopin' her ass worse than before  
They first were divorce, throwin' her over furniture  
It's the return of the, "Ah, wait, no way, you're kidding  
He didn't just say what I think he did, did he?"  
And Dr. Dre said, nothing you idiots  
Dr. Dre's dead, he's locked in my basement!  
Feminist women love Eminem  
Chigga chigga chigga, "Slim shady, I'm sick of him

Look at him, walkin' around grabbin' his you-know-what  
Flippin' the you-know-who, yeah, but he's so cute though!"  
Yeah, I probably got a couple of screws up in my head loose  
But no worse, than what's goin' on in your parents' bedrooms  
Sometimes, I wanna get on T.V. and just let loose, but can't  
But it's cool for Tom Green to hump a dead moose  
"My bum is on your lips, my bum is on your lips  
And if I'm lucky, you might just give it a little kiss"  
And that's the message that we deliver to little kids  
And expect them not to know what a woman's clitoris is

Of course they gonna know what intercourse is  
By the time they hit fourth grade  
They got the discovery channel don't they?  
"We ain't nothing but mammals", well, some of us cannibals  
Who cut other people open like cantaloupes  
But if we can hump dead animals and antelopes  
Then there's no reason that a man and another man can't elope  
But if you feel like I feel, I got the antidote  
Women wave your pantyhose, sing the chorus and it goes

I'm slim shady, yes I'm the real shady  
All you other slim shadys are just imitating  
So won't The Real Slim Shady please stand up  
Please stand up, please stand up?

'Coz I'm slim shady, yes I'm the real shady  
All you other slim shadys are just imitating  
So won't The Real Slim Shady please stand up  
Please stand up, please stand up?

Will Smith don't gotta cuss in his raps to sell his records  
Well I do, so fuck him and fuck you too  
You think I give a damn about a Grammy?  
Half of you critics can't even stomach me, let alone stand me  
"But slim, what if you win, wouldn't it be weird?"  
Why? So you guys could just lie to get me here?  
So you can, sit me here next to Britney Spears?  
Shit, Christina Aguilera better switch me chairs  
So I can sit next to Carson Daly and Fred Durst  
And hear 'em argue over who she gave head to first

You little bitch, put me on blast on M.T.V  
"Yeah, he's cute, but I think he's married to Kim, hee-hee!"  
I should download her audio on MP3  
And show the whole world how you gave Eminem VD  
I'm sick of you little girl and boy groups, all you do is annoy me  
So I have been sent here to destroy you  
And there's a million of us just like me  
Who cuss like me, who just don't give a fuck like me  
Who dress like me, walk, talk and act like me  
And just might be the next best thing but not quite me

'Coz I'm slim shady, yes I'm the real shady  
All you other slim shadys are just imitating  
So won't The Real Slim Shady please stand up  
Please stand up, please stand up?

'Coz I'm slim shady, yes I'm the real shady  
All you other slim shadys are just imitating  
So won't The Real Slim Shady please stand up  
Please stand up, please stand up?

I'm like a head trip to listen to, cause I'm only givin' you  
Things you joke about with your friends inside your living room  
The only difference is I got the balls to say it  
In front of y'all and I don't gotta be false or sugarcoated at all  
I just get on the mic and spit it  
And whether you like to admit it, I just shit it  
Better than ninety percent of you rappers out can  
Then you wonder how can kids eat up these albums like Valiums

It's funny, 'cause at the rate I'm goin when I'm thirty  
I'll be the only person in the nursin' home flirting  
Pinchin' nurses asses when I'm jackin' off with jergens  
And I'm jerkin' but this whole bag of Viagra isn't working  
And every single person is a slim shady lurkin'  
He could be workin' at Burger King, spittin' on your onion rings  
Or in the parkin' lot, circling, screaming, "I don't give a fuck!"  
With his windows down and his system up

So, will the real shady please stand up?

And put one of those fingers on each hand up?  
And be proud to be outta your mind and outta control  
And one more time, loud as you can, how does it go?

I'm slim shady, yes I'm the real shady  
All you other slim shadys are just imitating  
So won't The Real Slim Shady please stand up  
Please stand up, please stand up?

'Coz I'm slim shady, yes I'm the real shady  
All you other slim shadys are just imitating  
So won't The Real Slim Shady please stand up  
Please stand up, please stand up?

'Coz I'm slim shady, yes I'm the real shady  
All you other slim shadys are just imitating  
So won't The Real Slim Shady please stand up  
Please stand up, please stand up?

'Coz I'm slim shady, yes I'm the real shady  
All you other slim shadys are just imitating  
So won't The Real Slim Shady please stand up  
Please stand up, please stand up?

Ha ha  
Guess there's a slim shady in all of us  
Fuck it, let's all stand up

# Eminem - Remember Me? Lyrics

---

Remember me?  
(Seven executions)  
Remember me?  
(I have no remorse)

Remember me?  
(I'm 'High Powered')  
Remember me?  
(I drop bombs like Hiroshima)

For this one it's the X, you retarded?  
'Cause I grab the mic and get down, like Syndrome  
Hide and roam into the masses, without boundaries  
Which qualifies me for the term 'Universal'

Without no rehearsal, I leak words that's controvers'al  
Like I'm not the one you wanna contest, see  
'Cause I'll hit yo' ass like the train did that bitch  
That got "Banned From TV"

Heavyweight hitter  
Hit you, watch your whole head split up  
Loco-is-the-motion, we comin' th'ough  
Hollow tips is the lead the .45 threw

Remember me?  
(Throw ya gunz in the air)  
Remember me?  
(Slam, slam)

Remember me?  
(Nigga 'Bacdafucup')  
Remember me?  
(Chka-chka-Onyx)

Niggaz that take no for an answer, get told no  
Yeah, I been told no, but it was more like, "No, no, no!"  
Life a bitch, met her, fuck you if you let her  
Better come better than better to be a competitor  
This vet is ahead of the shit is all redder, you deader and deader  
A medic instead-a the cheddars and credda

Settle vendetta one metal beretta from ghetto to ghetto  
Evidence? Nope, never leave a shred-of  
I got the soul of every rapper in me, love me or hate me  
My moms got raped by the industry and made me

I'm the illest nigga ever, I told you  
I get more pussy than them dyke bitches Total  
Want beef, nigga? You better dead that shit  
My name should be "Can't believe that Nngga said dat shit"

Probably sayin', "He ain't a killer", but I'm killin' myself  
Smoke death, fuck bitches raw on the kitchen floor  
So think what I'm-a do to you, have done to you  
Got niggaz in my hood who'd do that shit for a blunt or two

What you wanna do, cocksuckers? We glock-busters  
'Til the cops cuff us, we'll start ruckus and drop blockbusters  
'Round the clock hustlers, you cannot touch us  
I'm gettin' wires, niggaz wantin' me dead, wantin' my head  
You think it could be somethin' I said?

Remember me?  
(I just don't give a fuck)  
Remember me?  
(Yeah, fuck you too!)

Remember me?  
(I'm low down and I'm shifty)  
Remember me?  
(I'm Shady)

When I go out, I'm-a go out shootin'  
I don't mean when I die, I mean when I go out to da club, stupid  
I'm tryin' to clear up my fuckin' image, so I promised the fuckin' critics  
I wouldn't say, "Fuckin'" for six minutes

Six minutes, Slim Shady, you're on  
My baby's mom, bitch made me an angry blonde  
So I made me a song, killed her and put Hailie on  
I may be wrong, I keep thinkin' these crazy thoughts

In my cranium, but I'm stuck with a crazy mom  
Is she really on as much dope as you say she's on?  
Came home and somebody musta broke in the back window  
And stole two loaded machine guns and both of my trenchcoats

Sick, sick dreams of picnic scenes, two kids, sixteen  
With M-16's and ten clips each  
And them shits reach through six kids each  
And Slim gets blamed in Bill Clint's speech to fix these streets?

Fuck that, you faggots can vanish to volcanic ash  
And re-appear in hell with a can of gas and a match  
Aftermath, Dre, grab the gat, show 'em where it's at  
What the fuck you starin' at, nigga?

Don't you remember me?

Remember me?

Remember me?

Remember me?

# Eminem - I'm Back Lyrics

---

Thats why  
They call me Slim Shady  
I'm back, I'm back  
Thats why  
They call me Slim Shady  
I'm back, I'm back

Thats why  
They call me Slim Shady  
I'm back, I'm back  
Thats why  
They call me Slim Shady  
I'm back, I'm back

I murder a rhyme one word at a time, you never  
Heard of a mind as perverted as mine, you better  
Get rid of that nine it ain't gonna help  
What good's it gonna do against a man that strangles himself?  
I'm waitin' for hell, like hell, shit, I'm anxious as hell  
Manson, you're safe in that cell, thankful is jail

I used to be my mommy's little Angel at twelve  
At thirteen I was putting shells in the gage on the shelf  
I used to get punked and bullied on my block  
'Till I cut a kitten's head off  
And stuck it in this kid's mailbox  
(Hey! mom! mom!)

I used to give a fuck, now I could give a fuck less

What do I think of sucess? It sucks too much press  
And stress, too much zest, and breasts, too upset  
It's just, too much mess, I guess  
I must just blew up quick, yes  
Grew up quick? No  
Was raised right?  
Whatever you say is wrong  
Whatever I say is right

You think of my name now whenever you say "Hi"  
Became a commodity because I'm W H I T E  
'Cause MTV was so friendly to me  
Can't wait 'till Kim sees me  
Now is it worth it? Look at my life, how is it perfect?  
Read my lips bitch, what? My mouth isn't working?  
You read this finger? Oh, it's upside down  
Here, let me turn this motherfucker up right now

That's why  
They call me Slim Shady  
I'm back, I'm back  
That's why  
They call me Slim Shady  
I'm back , I'm back

That's why  
They call me Slim Shady  
I'm back, I'm back  
That's why  
They call me Slim Shady  
I'm back, I'm back

I take each individual degenerate, his head and reach into it  
Just to see if he's influenced by me if he listens to music  
And if he feeds into this shit he's an innocent victim  
And becomes a puppet on the string of my tennis shoe

My name is Slim Shady  
I've been crazy way before radio didn't play me  
The sensational  
Back, it's the incredible  
With Ken Kaniff who just finds the men edible  
It's Ken Kaniff, on the internet  
Tryin' to lure your kids, with him, into bed  
It's a sick world we're livin' in these days

Slim, for pete's sake, put down Christopher Reeve's legs  
Geez! you guys are so sensitive  
Slim it's a touchy subject, try and just don't mention it  
Mind with no sense in it, fried, gets so frantic  
'Cause eyes get so squinted, I'm blind from smoke in 'em  
With my windows tinted, with nine limos rented  
Doin' lines of coke in 'em, with a bunch of guys hoppin' out  
All high and dosin' it  
And that's where I get my name from  
That's why they call me

That's why  
They call me Slim Shady  
I'm back, I'm back  
That's why  
They call me Slim Shady  
I'm back, I'm back

That's why  
They call me Slim Shady  
I'm back, I'm back  
That's why  
They call me Slim Shady  
I'm back, I'm back

I take seven kids from columbine and stand 'em all in line  
Add an AK-47, a revolver, a nine  
A MAC-11 and this oughtta solve this problem of mine  
And that's a whole school of bullies shot up all of the time  
'Cause I'm Shady, they call me as crazy as this world was  
Over this whole Y2K thing, and by the way  
N'Sync, why do they sing?  
Am I the only one who realizes they stink?  
Should I dye my hair pink and care what y'all think?  
Lip-sync and buy a bigger size of ear rings?

That's why I tend to block out when I hear things  
'Cause all these fans screamin' is making my ears ring  
So I just throw up the middle finger and let it linger  
Longer than the rumor that I was stickin' it to Christina  
'Cause if I ever stuck it to any singer in showbiz  
It'd be Jennifer Lopez and Puffy you know this  
Sorry Puff but I don't give a fuck, if this chick was my own mother  
I'd still fuck her with no rubber, and come inside her  
And have a son and a new brother  
At the same time, and just say that it ain't mine  
What's my name?

I am  
Slim Shady  
I'm back, I'm back  
That's why  
They call me Slim Shady  
I'm back, I'm back

That's why  
They call me Slim Shady  
I'm back, I'm back  
That's why  
They call me Slim Shady  
I'm back, I'm back

Guess who's back?  
Gue-gue-guess who's back?  
Hi mom  
Guess who's back?  
Gue-gue-guess who's back?

D12  
Dr Dre  
Slim Shady  
2001  
I'm blew out from this blunt  
Fuck



# Eminem - Marshall Mathers Lyrics

---

You know I just don't get it, last year I was nobody  
This year I'm sellin' records  
Now everybody wants to come around like I owe 'em somethin'  
The fuck you want from me? Ten million dollars  
Get the fuck out of here

You see I'm, just Marshall Mathers, I'm just a regular guy  
I don't know why all the fuss about me  
Nobody ever gave a fuck before, all they did was doubt me  
Now everybody wanna run they mouth and try to take shots at me

Yo, you might see me joggin', you might see me walkin'  
You might see me walkin' a dead rottweiler dog  
With it's head chopped off in the park with a spiked collar  
Hollerin' at him 'cause the son of a bitch won't quit barkin'

Or leanin' out a window, with a cocked shotgun  
Drivin' up the block in the car that they shot 'Pac in  
Lookin' for Big's killers, dressed in ridiculous  
Blue and red like I don't see what the big deal is

Double barrel twelve gauge bigger than Chris Wallace  
Pissed off, 'cause Biggie and 'Pac just missed all this  
Watchin' all these cheap imitations get rich off 'em  
And get dollars that shoulda been there's like they switched wallets

And amidst all this Crist poppin' and wristwatches  
I had to sit back and just watch and just get nauseous  
And walk around with an empty bottle of Remi Martin  
Startin' shit like some twenty six year old skinny Cartman

I'm anti-Backstreet and Ricky Martin  
With instincts to kill N'Sync, don't get me started  
These fuckin' brats can't sing and Britney's garbage  
What's this bitch retarded? Gimme back my sixteen dollars

All I see is sissies in magazines smiling  
Whatever happened to whylin' out and bein' violent?  
Whatever happened to catchin' a good-ol' fashioned  
Passionate ass-whoopin' and gettin' your shoes coat and your hat taken?

New kids on the block, sucked a lot of dick  
Boy-girl groups make me sick  
And I can't wait 'til I catch all you fagots in public  
I'ma love it

Vanilla Ice don't like me, said some shit in vibe to spite me

Then went and dyed his hair just like me  
A bunch of little kids wanna swear just like me  
And run around screamin', "I don't care, just bite me"

I think I was put here to annoy the world  
And destroy your little 4 year old boy or girl  
Plus I was put here to put fear in fagots who spray Faygo Root Beer  
And call themselves clowns 'cause they look queer

Fagot to dope and silent gay  
Claimin' Detroit, when y'all live twenty miles away  
And I don't wrestle, I'll knock you fuckin' fagots the fuck out  
Ask 'em about the club they was at when they snuck out

After they ducked out the back when they saw us and bugged out  
Ducked down and got paint balls shot at they truck, blaow!  
Look at y'all runnin' your mouth again  
When you ain't seen a fuckin' mile road, South of 10

And I don't need help, from D-12, to beat up two females  
In make-up, who may try to scratch me with Lee Nails  
Slim anus you damn right, slim anus  
I don't get fucked in mine like you two little flaming fagots

'Coz I'm, just Marshall Mathers  
I'm not a wrestler guy I'll knock you out if you talk about me  
Come and see me on the streets alone, if you assholes doubt me  
And if you wanna run your mouth then come take your best shot at me

Is it because you love me that y'all expect so much of me?  
You little groupie bitch, get off me, go fuck Puffy  
Now because of this blonde mop that's on top  
It is fucked up head that I've got, I've gone pop?

The underground just spun around and did a 360  
Now these kids diss me and act like some big sissies  
Oh, he just did some shit with Missy  
So now he thinks he's too big to do some shit with MC get bizzy

My fuckin' bitch mom's suin' for ten million  
She must want a dollar for every pill I've been stealin'  
Shit, where the fuck you think I picked up the habit?  
All I had to do was go in her room and lift up her mattress

Which is it bitch, Mrs. Briggs or Ms. Mathers?  
It doesn't matter your, fagot!  
Talkin' about I fabricated my past  
He's just aggravated I won't ejaculate in his ass

So tell me, what the hell is a fella to do?  
For every million I make, another relative sues  
Family fightin' and fussin' over who wants to invite me to supper

All the sudden, I got 90 some cousins

A half-brother and sister who never seen me  
Or even bothered to call me until they saw me on TV  
Now everybody's so happy and proud  
I'm finally allowed to step foot in my girlfriend's house

And then to top it off, I walked to the newsstand  
To buy this cheap-ass little magazine with a food stamp  
Skipped to the last page, flipped right fast  
And what do I see? A picture of my big white ass

Okay, let me give you motherfuckers some help  
Here, double XL, double XL  
Now your magazine shouldn't have so much trouble to sell  
Fuck it, I'll even buy a couple myself

'Coz I'm, just Marshall Mathers, I'm just a regular guy  
I don't know why all the fuss about me  
Nobody ever gave a fuck before, all they did was doubt me  
Now everybody wanna run they mouth and try to take shots at me

'Coz I'm, just Marshall Mathers, I'm just a regular guy  
I don't know why all the fuss about me  
Nobody ever gave a fuck before, all they did was doubt me  
Now everybody wanna run they mouth and try to take shots at me

# Eminem - Ken Kaniff (Skit) Lyrics

---

Uh oh yeah  
Oh suck it  
Oh fuck yea  
Mmm  
Oh Shaggy  
Oh this is why they call you two dope ain't it?  
Oh fuck yea  
Oh take it out take it out  
Oh now give something to Jay  
Oh violent Jay  
Wait don't bite it  
Don't be violent with it now, just suck it  
Nice and slow yeah  
Oh oh fuck yeah  
You got oh

Now give it back to Shaggy  
He was sucking it better  
Oh now say my name  
(Eminem)  
Say my name  
(Eminem)  
What?  
Oh fuck you guys  
Give me my dick back  
Fuck you guys  
If you want Eminem, you can have Eminem  
Fuck you guys I'm leaving  
(Ken no!)  
(Ken wait, oh damn)  
(Nice going Shaggy)

# Eminem - Drug Ballad Lyrics

---

Yeah, woo, shit  
Aight  
Guess what? I ain't coming in yet  
I'll come in a minute  
Aye yo, this is my love song  
It goes like this

Back when Mark Wahlberg was Marky Mark  
This is how we used to make the party start  
We used to mix Hen' with Bacardi Dark  
And when it kicks in you can hardly talk  
And by the sixth gin you're gonna probably crawl  
And you'll be sick then and you'll probably barf  
And my prediction is you're gonna probably fall  
Either somewhere in the lobby or the hallway wall

And every thing's spinning, you're beginnin' to think  
Women are swimming in pink linen again in the sink  
Then in a couple of minutes that bottle of Guinness is finished  
You are now allowed to officially slap bitches  
You have the right to remain violent and start wilin'  
Start a fight with the same guy that was smart eyin' you  
Get in your car, start it and start drivin'  
Over the island and cause a 42 car pile-up

Earth calling, pilot to co-pilot  
Look at the life on this planet, sir, no sign of it  
All I can see is a bunch of smoke flyin'  
And I'm so high that I might die if I go by it  
Let me out of this place, I'm outta place  
I'm in outer space, I've just vanished without a trace  
I'm going to a pretty place now, where the flowers grow  
I'll be back in an hour or so

'Cause every time I go to try to leave  
Somethin' keeps pullin' on my sleeve  
I don't wanna, but I gotta stay  
These drugs really got ahold of me

'Cause every time I try to tell them, "No"  
They won't let me ever let them go  
I'm a sucka, all I gotta say  
These drugs really got ahold of me

In third grade, all I used to do  
Was sniff glue through a tube and play rubix cube  
17 years later I'm as rude as Jude

Scheming on the first chick with the hugest boobs  
I've got no game and every face looks the same  
They got no name so I don't need game to play  
I just say whatever I want to whoever I want  
Whenever I want, wherever I want, however I want

However, I do show some respect to few  
As ecstasy got me standing next to you  
Getting sentimental as fuck spillin' guts to you  
We just met but I think I'm in love with you  
But you're on it too, so you tell me you love me too  
Wake up in the morning like, "Yo, what the fuck we do?"  
I gotta go bitch, you know I have got stuff to do  
'Cause if I get caught cheatin' then I'm stuck with you

But in the long run these drugs are probably gonna  
Catch up sooner or later but fuck it, I'm on one, so let's enjoy  
Let the X destroy your spinal cord so it's not a straight line no more  
'Til we walk around looking like some wind-up dolls  
Shit's sticking out of our backs like a dinosaur  
Shit, six hits won't even get me high no more  
So bye for now, I'm gonna try to find some more

'Cause every time I go to try to leave  
Somethin' keeps pullin' on my sleeve  
I don't wanna, but I gotta stay  
These drugs really got ahold of me

'Cause every time I try to tell them, "No"  
They won't let me ever let them go  
I'm a sucka, all I gotta say  
These drugs really got ahold of me

That's the sound of a bottle when it's hollow  
When you swallow it all, wallow and drown in your sorrow  
And tomorrow you're probably gonna wanna do it again  
What's a little spinal fluid between you and a friend? Screw it  
And what's a little bit of alcohol poisoning? And what's a little fight?  
Tomorrow you'll be boys again  
It's your life, live it however you wanna  
Marijuana is everywhere, where was you brought up?

It don't matter as long as you get where you're going  
'Cause none of the shit is gonna mean shit where we're going  
They tell you to stop, but you just sit there ignoring  
Even though you wake up feeling like shit every morning  
But you're young, you've got a lot of drugs to do  
Girls to screw, parties to crash, sucks to be you  
If I could take it all back now, I wouldn't  
I would have did more shit that people said that I shouldn't

But I'm all grown up now and upgraded and graduated

To better drugs and updated  
But I've still got a lot of growing up to do  
I've still got a whole lot of throwing up to spew  
But when it's all said and done I'll be 40  
Before I know it with a 40 on the porch telling stories  
With a bottle of Jack, two grandkids in my lap  
Babysitting for Haley while Haley's out getting smashed

'Cause every time I go to try to leave  
Somethin' keeps pullin' on my sleeve  
I don't wanna, but I gotta stay  
These drugs really got ahold of me

'Cause every time I try to tell them, "No"  
They won't let me ever let them go  
I'm a sucka, all I gotta say  
These drugs really got ahold of me

'Cause every time I go to try to leave  
Somethin' keeps pullin' on my sleeve  
I don't wanna, but I gotta stay  
These drugs really got ahold of me

'Cause every time I try to tell them, "No"  
They won't let me ever let them go  
I'm a sucka, all I gotta say  
These drugs really got ahold of me

Drugs really got ahold of me  
They really got ahold of me  
These drugs really got ahold of me  
They really got ahold of me

# Eminem - Amityville Lyrics

---

Mentally ill from Amityville  
Accidentally kill your family still  
Thinkin' he won't? God-damnit he will  
Mentally ill from Amityville

I get lifted and spin 'til I'm half twisted  
Feet planted and stand with a grin full of chapped lipstick  
Pen full of ink, think sinful and rap sick shit  
Shrink pencil me in for my last visit

Drink gin 'til my chin's full of splashed whiskers  
Hash whiskey and ash 'til I slap bitches  
Ask Bizzy, he's been here the past six years  
Mash with me you'll get in imagine this

Mentally ill from Amityville  
Accidentally kill your family still  
Thinkin' he won't? God-damnit he will  
Mentally ill from Amityville

Mentally ill from Amityville  
Accidentally kill your family still  
Thinkin' he won't? God-damnit he will  
Mentally ill from Amityville

I fucked my cousin in his asshole, slit my mother's throat  
Guess who Slim Shady just signed to interscope?  
My little sister's birthday, she'll remember me  
For a gift I had ten of my boys take her virginity

And bitches know me as a horny ass freak  
Their mother wasn't raped, I ate her pussy while she was 'sleep  
Pissy drunk, throwin' up in the urinal  
(You fuckin' homo)  
That's what I said at my dad's funeral

Mentally ill from Amityville  
Accidentally kill your family still  
Thinkin' he won't? God-damnit he will  
Mentally ill from Amityville

Mentally ill from Amityville  
Accidentally kill your family still  
Thinkin' he won't? God-damnit he will  
Mentally ill from Amityville

That's why the city is filled with a bunch of fuckin' idiots still

That's why the first motherfucker poppin' some shit he gets killed  
That's why we don't call it Detroit, we call it Amityville  
You can get capped after just havin' a cavity filled

That's why we're crowned the murder capital still  
This ain't Detroit, this is motherfuckin' Hamburger Hill  
We don't do drivebys, we park in front of houses and shoot  
And when the police come we fuckin' shoot it out with them too

That's the mentality here, that's the reality here  
Did I just hear somebody say they wanna challenge me here  
While I'm holdin' a pistol with this many calibres here  
Plus some registration that just made this shit valid this year

'Cause once I snap I can't be held accountable for my actions  
That's when accidents happen when a thousand bullets  
Come at your house and collapse the foundation around you  
And they found you and your family in it  
God-damnit he meant it when he tells you

Mentally ill from Amityville  
Accidentally kill your family still  
Thinkin' he won't? God-damnit he will  
Mentally ill from Amityville

Mentally ill from Amityville  
Accidentally kill your family still  
Thinkin' he won't? God-damnit he will  
Mentally ill from Amityville

# Eminem - Bitch Please II Lyrics

---

Yeah whattup Detroit?  
Nu uh, nu uh nuh no he didn't!  
Ahh! They didn't do it again  
What what, wha what?  
Did you shit on these niggaz two times Dr. Dre?  
Oh fo' sho'!  
Uh uh, na, you smell that?  
This is special right here  
What what, wha what what?  
Yeah, it's a toast to the boogie baby  
Uhh, to the boogie oogie oogie  
Yeah, y'know! What's crackin Dre?

Just let me lay back and kick some mo' simplistic pimp shit  
On Slim's shit and start riots like Limp Bizkit  
(Limp Bizkit)  
Throw on 'Guilty Conscience' at concerts  
And watch mosh pits till motherfuckers knock each other unconscious  
Some of these crowds that Slim draws  
Is rowdy as Crenshaw Boulevard when it's packed and full of cars  
Some of these crowds me and Snoop draw is niggaz from Crenshaw  
From Long Beach to South Central

Whoa, not these niggaz again  
These grown ass ignorant men with hair triggers again  
You and what army could harm me?  
D R E and Shady with Doggy from Long Beach  
(Eastside!)  
Came a long way to makin' these songs play  
It'll be a wrong move to stare at me the wrong way  
I got a long UZ' and I carry it all day  
(Blaow!)  
Sometimes it's like a nightmare, just bein Andre but I

Somehow, someway, hello, nigga  
You know about Dogg-ay  
(Snoop Dogg)  
Now let me cut these niggaz up  
And show 'em where the fuck I'm comin' from  
I get the party crackin from the shit that I be spittin' son  
Hit-and-run, get it done, get the funds, split and run  
Got about fifty guns and I love all of 'em the same, bang bang!

Damn baby girl what's your name?  
I forgot, what'd you say it was? Damn a nigga buzzed  
Hangin' in the club with my nephew Eminem  
(Whassup Slim?)

Whattup cuz?  
(Whattup Snoop?)  
The Great White American Hope done hooked up  
With the King of the motherfuckin West coast, baby!

And you don't really wanna fuck with me  
Only nigga that I trust is me  
Fuck around and make me bust this heat  
That's the devil, they always wanna dance

I'm the head nigga in charge, I'm watchin' you move  
You're found dead in your garage with ten o'clock news coverage  
Gotta love it 'cause I expose the facade  
Your little lungs is too small to hotbox with God  
All jokes aside come bounce with us  
Standin' over you with a twelve gauge about to bust

It's like ashes to ashes and dust to dust  
I might leave in the bodybag but never in cuffs  
So who do you trust? They just not rugged enough  
When things get rough I'm in the club shootin' with Puff  
Bitch, please, you must have a mental disease  
Assume the position and get back down on your knees, come on

And you don't really wanna fuck with me  
Only nigga that I trust is me  
Fuck around and make me bust this heat  
That's the devil, they always wanna dance

And you don't really wanna fuck with me  
Only nigga that I trust is me  
Fuck around and make me bust this heat  
That's the devil, they always wanna dance

Aww naw, big Slim Dogg  
Eighty pound balls, dick six inch long  
Back up in the, heezy Baby  
He's Sha-day!  
He's so crazy!

Hahaha! Gimme the mic, let me recite, 'til Timothy White  
Pickets outside the Interscope offices every night  
What if he's right? I'm just a criminal makin' a living  
Off of the world's misery, what in the world gives me the right  
To say what I like and walk around flippin' the bird  
Livin' the urban life like a white kid from the 'burbs  
Dreamin' at night of screamin' at Mom, schemin' to leave  
Run away from home and grow to be as evil as me

I just want you all to notice me and people to see  
That somewhere deep down there's a decent human being in me  
It just can't be found so the reason you've been seeing this me

Is 'cause this is me now, the recent dude who's being this mean  
So when you see me dressin' up like a nerd on TV  
Or heard the CD usin' the fag word so freely  
It's just me being me, here want me to tone it down?  
Suck my fuckin' dick, you fagot  
You happy now? Look here

I start some trouble everywhere that I go  
(That I go)  
Ask the bouncers in the club cause they know  
(Cause they know)  
I start some shit they throw me out the back do'  
(The back do')  
Come back and shoot the club up with a fo'-fo'  
(A fo'-fo')

And you don't really wanna fuck with me  
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Fuck around and make me bust this heat  
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And you don't really wanna fuck with me  
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That's the devil, they always wanna dance

2001 and forever  
Slim Shady, Dr. Dre, Snoop Dogg, X To The Z, Nate Dogg  
C'mon, yeah!

# Eminem - Kim Lyrics

---

Aww look at daddy's baby girl, that's daddy baby  
Little sleepy head, yesterday I changed your diaper  
Wiped you and powdered you, how did you get so big?  
Can't believe it now your two, baby you're so precious  
Daddy's so proud of you

Sit down bitch, you move again I'll beat the shit out of you  
Okay  
Don't make me wake this baby  
She don't need to see what I'm about to do  
Quit crying bitch, why do you always make me shout at you?  
How could you? Just leave me and love him out the blue  
Oh, what's a matter Kim? Am I too loud for you?  
Too bad bitch, your gonna finally hear me out this time

At first, I'm like, you wanna throw me out? That's fine  
But not for him to take my place, are you out your mind?  
This couch, this TV, this whole house is mine  
How could you let him sleep in our bed?  
Look at Kim, look at your husband now  
No  
I said look at him! He ain't so hot now is he?  
Little punk! Why are you doing this?  
Shut the fuck up

You're drunk, you're never going to get away at this  
You think I give a fuck, come on we're going for a ride bitch  
No  
Sit up front  
Well I can't just leave Haley alone, what if she wakes up?  
We'll be right back, well I will you'll be in the trunk

So long, bitch you did me so wrong  
I don't wanna go on  
Living in this world without you  
So long, bitch you did me so wrong  
I don't wanna go on  
Living in this world without you

You really fucked me Kim, you really did a number on me  
Never knew me cheating on you would come back to haunt me  
But we was kids then Kim, I was only 18 that was years ago  
I thought we wiped the slate clean, that's fucked up  
I love you  
Oh God my brain is racing  
I love you  
What are you doing?

Change the station I hate this song, is this look like a big joke?

No

There's a four year old boy lyin' dead with a slit throat

In your living room

What you think I'm kiddin' you? You loved him didn't you?

No

Bullshit you bitch don't fucking lie to me

What the fuck's this guy's problem on the side of me?

Fuck you asshole, yeah bite me

Kim, Kim, why don't you like me?

You think I'm ugly don't you

It's not that

No you think I'm ugly

Baby

Get the fuck away from me, don't touch me

I hate you, I hate you I swear to God I hate you

Oh my God I love you, how the fuck could you do this to me?

Sorry

How the fuck could you do this to me?

So long, bitch you did me so wrong

I don't wanna go on

Living in this world without you

So long, bitch you did me so wrong

I don't wanna go on

Living in this world without you

Come on get out

I can't I'm scared

I said get out bitch!

Let go of my hair, please don't do this baby

Please I love you, look we can just take Haley and leave

Fuck you, you did this to us, you did it, it's your fault

Oh my God I'm crackin' up, get a grip Marshall

Hey remember the time we went to Brian's party?

And you were like so drunk that you threw up all over Archie

That was funny wasn't it?

Yes

That was funny wasn't it?

Yes!

See it all makes sense, doesn't it?

You and your husband have a fight one of you tries to grab a knife

And during the struggle he accidentally gets his Adam's apple sliced

No

And while this is goin' on

His son just woke up and he just walks in

She panics and he gets his throat cut

Oh my God

So now they both dead and you slash your own throat  
So now it's double homicide and suicide with no note  
I should have known better when you started to act weird  
We could've, hey where you going? Get back here

You can't run from me Kim, it's just us, nobody else  
You're only making this harder on yourself  
Ha! Ha! Got'cha!  
Ahh  
Ha! Go ahead yell!  
Here I'll scream with you!  
Ah somebody help!  
Don't you get it bitch, no one can hear you?

Now shut the fuck up and get what's comin' to you  
You were supposed to love me  
Now bleed bitch, bleed bitch  
Bleed! Bitch bleed! Bleed!

So long, bitch you did me so wrong  
I don't wanna go on  
Living in this world without you  
So long, bitch you did me so wrong  
I don't wanna go on  
Living in this world without you

# Eminem - Under the Influence Lyrics

---

So you can suck my dick if you don't like my shit  
'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick

Two pills I pop, 'til my pupils swell up like two pennies  
I'm Clint Eastwood in his mid twenties  
A young ass man with a trash can strapped to the back of his ass  
So the rats can't chew through his last pants

I'm like a mummy at night, fightin' with bright lightning  
Frightened with five little white Vicadin' pills bitin' him  
I'm like a fuckin' wasp in the hospital lost  
Stingin' the fuck outta everything I come across in the halls

I light a candle and place it up on the mantle  
Grab a knife at the blade and stab you with the fuckin' handle  
So when you find yourself wrapped up in the blinds, hurtin'  
Bitch it's too late  
'Cause once you're hung from the drapes, it's curtains

I'm an instigator, 380 slug penetrator  
Degradin', creatin' murders to kill haters  
Accused for every crime known through the equator  
They knew I did it for havin' blood on my 'gators

My weed'll hit yo' chest like a double barrel gauge an'  
I'm a black grenade that'll blow up in yo' face  
With a fifth in me, when I guzzle Remi I do shit on purpose  
You never hear me say, forgive me

I'm snatchin' every penny it gotta be that way nigga, face it  
That weed I sold to you, brigade laced it  
You hidin' I make the president get a facelift  
Niggaz just afraid, handin' me they bracelets

Chillin' in the lab wasted  
I'm the type that'll drink kahlua and gin throw up on the mic  
Your life is ruined, you get socked right on site  
And even at the million man March we gon' fight

So you can suck my dick if you don't like my shit  
'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick  
'Cause I don't give a fuck if you don't like my shit  
'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick

I'm a compulsive liar, settin' my preacher on fire  
Slashin' your tires, flyin' down Fenkel and Meyers  
Plates expired, soon as I'm hired, I'm fired

Jackin' my dick off in a bed of barbed wire

(Hey, is Bizarre performing?)  
Bitch didn't you read the flyer?  
Special invited guest will be, Richard Pryor  
(Aren't you a male dancer?)  
Nah bitch, I'm retired  
Fuckin' your bitch in the ass with a tire iron

I'm ripped, I'm on an acid trip  
My DJ's in a coma for lettin' the record skip  
Lettin' the record skip  
Lettin' the record skip  
(Damn!)

I'm fuckin' anything when I'm snortin'  
It's gonna cost 300 dollars to get my pit bull an abortion  
Some bitch asked for my autograph  
I called her a whore, spit beer in her face and laughed  
I drop bombs like I was in Vietnam  
All bitches is hoes, even my stinkin' ass mom

Aiyyo flashback, two feets, two deep up in that ass crack  
Weed laced with somethin' nigga pass that  
In Amsterdam we only hang out with hash rats  
At a stop the violence rally, I blast gats

Be your mom on publishin', get your ass capped  
The Kuniva, divide up your cash stack  
Want your motherfuckin' pockets, ascap  
I don't need a platinum chain, bitch I snatch Shaq's

Born loser, half theif and half black  
Bring your boys and your guns and get laughed at  
Bitch smacker, rich rappers get their jag jacked  
And found chopped up in a trash bag

We stranglin' rappers until the point they can't yell  
'Cause they crew is full of fags and sweeter than bake sales  
Reckless, come from behind and snatch your necklace  
Gruesome and causin more violence than nine hoodlums

I grapple your Adam's apple until it crackle  
Run right past you, turn around, grab you and stab you  
Get executed, cuz I'm a luni  
I got a yuk mouth and it's polluted, I cock it back then shoot it

I love snatchin' up players thugs and young ballers  
Shoot up the household, even the young toddlers  
Brigade barricade to bring the noise

While the bullets break your bones up like Christmas toys

If I go solo, I'm doin a song with Bolo  
A big Chinese nigga, screamin Kuniva yo yo  
I leave ya face leakin' run up in church  
And smack the preacher while he's preachin  
Take a swing at the deacon

I used to tell cats that I sold weed and weight  
I was straight 'til I got caught sellin' 'em shake  
I'm ignorant, with the intent to snatch your rent  
I got kicked out of summer camp for havin sex in my tent  
With the superintendent's daughter, my brain's out of order

I've been a Kon Artis since I was swimmin' in water  
In cahoots with this nigga named fall out von  
Who got fired from UPS for tryin' to send you a bomb  
I signed to a local label for fun  
Say I got cancer, get dropped, take the advancement and run

Driveby you in the rain while you carry your son  
Call your house and hang up on you for not givin' me none  
Born straight up out a pussy but a son of a gun  
Got a reputation for havin niggaz runnin' they funds  
Used to be the type of nigga that was foldin some one's  
'Til I met your fat mama, now I'm rollin' in dough

So you can suck my dick if you don't like my shit  
'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick  
'Cause I don't give a fuck if you don't like my shit  
'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick

Suck my motherfuckin dick, D-12 dirty motherfuckin' dozen  
Nasty like a stank slut bitch with thirty fuckin husbands  
Bizarre kid, swift McVeigh, The Kon Artis  
The Kuniva, Dirty Harry and Slim Shady

# Eminem - Criminal Lyrics

---

A lot of people ask me stupid fuckin' questions  
A lot of people think that what I say on records  
Or what I talk about on a record, that I actually do in real life  
Or that I believe in it  
Or if I say that, I wanna kill somebody, that  
I'm actually gonna do it or that I believe in it  
Well shit, if you believe that then I'll kill you  
You know why?  
'Coz I'm a  
  
Criminal  
Criminal  
You goddamn right  
I'm a criminal  
Yeah, I'm a criminal

My words are like a dagger with a jagged edge  
That'll stab you in the head whether you're a fag or lez  
Or the homosex, hermaph or a trans-a-vest  
Pants or dress, hate fags? The answer's, "Yes"

Homophobic? Nah, you're just heterophobic  
Starin at my jeans, watchin' my genitals bulgin'  
That's my motherfuckin' balls, you'd better let go of 'em  
They belong in my scrotum, you'll never get hold of 'em

Hey, it's me, Versace, whoops, somebody shot me!  
And I was just checkin' the mail, get it? Checkin' the 'male'?  
How many records you expectin' to sell  
After your second LP sends you directly to jail?

C'mon! Relax guy, I like gay men  
Right, Ken? Give me an Amen  
Amen!  
Please Lord, this boy needs Jesus  
Heal this child, help us destroy these demons

Oh, and please send me a brand new car  
And a prostitute while my wife's sick in the hospital  
Preacher preacher, fifth grade teacher  
You can't reach me, my mom can't neither

You can't teach me a goddamn thing ause  
I watch TV, and Comcast cable  
And you ain't able to stop these thoughts  
You can't stop me from toppin' these charts

And you can't stop me from droppin' each March  
With a brand new cd for these fuckin' retards  
Duh, and to think, it's just little ol' me  
Mr. Don't Give A Fuck, still won't leave

I'm a criminal  
'Coz every time I write a rhyme, these people think it's a crime  
To tell 'em what's on my mind, I guess, I'm a criminal  
But I don't gotta say a word, I just flip 'em the bird  
And keep goin', I don't take shit from no one

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My mother did drugs, tar, liquor, cigarettes, and speed  
The baby came out, disfigured, ligaments indeed  
It was a seed who would grow up just as crazy as she  
Don't dare make fun of that baby 'cause that baby was me

I'm a criminal, an animal caged who turned crazed  
But how the fuck you supposed to grow up when you weren't raised?  
So as I got older and I got a lot taller  
My dick shrunk smaller, but my balls got larger

I drink malt liquor to fuck you up quicker  
Than you'd wanna fuck me up for sayin' the word  
My morals went, when the President got oral sex  
In his Oval Office on top of his desk off of his own employee

Now don't ignore me, you won't avoid me  
You can't miss me, I'm white, blonde-haired and my nose is pointy  
I'm the bad guy who makes fun of people that die  
In plane crashes and laughs as long as it ain't happened to him

Slim Shady, I'm as crazy as  
Eminem and Kim combined, the maniac's in  
Replacin' the doctor 'cause Dre couldn't make it today  
He's a little under the weather, so I'm takin' his place

Oh, that's Dre with an AK to his face  
Don't make me kill him too and spray his brains all over the place  
I told you Dre, you should've kept that thang put away  
I guess that'll teach you not to let me play with it, eh?  
I'm a criminal

Aight look, uh huh, just go up in that motherfucker  
Get the motherfuckin' money and get the fuck up outta there  
Aight  
I'll be right here waitin' on you

Aight  
Yo Em  
What?!  
Don't kill nobody this time  
Awright, goddamn, fuck

How you doin'?  
Hi, how can I help you?  
Yeah, I need to make a withdrawl  
Okay  
Put the fuckin' money in the bag bitch and I won't kill you!  
What? Oh my God, don't kill me  
I'm not gonna kill you bitch, quit lookin' around  
Don't kill me, please don't kill me  
I said, "I'm not gonna fuckin' kill you"  
Hurry the fuck up!  
Thank you!

Windows tinted on my ride when I drive in it  
So when I rob a bank, run out and just dive in it  
So I'll be disguised in it and if anybody identifies the guy in it  
I'll hide for five minutes

Come back, shoot the eyewitness  
Fire at the private eye hired to pry in my business  
Die, bitches, bastards, brats, pets  
This puppy's lucky I didn't blast his ass yet

If I ever gave a fuck, I'd shave my nuts  
Tuck my dick inbetween my legs and cluck  
You motherfuckin' chickens ain't brave enough  
To say the stuff I say, so just tape it shut

Shit, half the shit I say, I just make it up  
To make you mad, so kiss my white naked ass  
And if it's not a rapper that I make it as  
I'ma be a fuckin' rapist in a Jason mask

I'm a criminal  
'Coz every time I write a rhyme, these people think it's a crime  
To tell 'em what's on my mind, I guess, I'm a criminal  
But I don't gotta say a word, I just flip 'em the bird  
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